

At The "Drop-Inn"

You've got a great sense of life,
she said. He marvelled at her words,
seeing himself now
from a different angle
in that look of joy
stolen from his neighborhood.
But for him, Death
waited in the corner
like a friend, and
you laughed to keep him satisfied,
or for luck,
like knocking on wood
or collecting trolls.

It is more frenetic than she knows,
but if it appeared
that he was happy,
that he had some gladness stored,
it was not a total lie.
And he was glad of that.
Love wants to gather life
to a greatness
before it goes.

-- Alexander Taylor

Fog

The fog convinces
Houses to retreat.
It bleaches all the colors
From the street.

Unanchored, nebulous,
The city rides
Slowly in aquarium,
Opaque tides.

Apartment-houses loom,
Their travels done,
Like foundered liners, sipping
Oblivion.

Then, a supermarket,
We behold
A sunken, jeweled caravel,
Aching with gold.

-- Louis Ginsberg

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